

mock-riddle, and we find ourselves shifting our attention from the chicken to the street. Why was there no other side to this street? We can reinstate the chicken, but surely this question must come first, for, in order that the chicken should cross the street, and thus set up the situation which is central to true riddle (i.e., a situation transformed by intelligence), then all the terms necessary to convince the person questioned that there is in fact a question worth answering must be present. If you take away half a street from a time-honored locale you've destroyed the trust of the person questioned and placed in jeopardy the probity of the questioner. So there must be nothing arbitrary about having half the street missing. Still, there can be no revelation if there is no mystery, and by saying that there is no other half to the street one does begin to create the enigmatic through the impossible (let us not, by the way, be banal and say that the street only had one side, that there was a field or something across the way. This is merely playing with words. I am attempting to be metaphysical). (Just to clear up this last parenthesis, let me rephrase the original question thus: why did the chicken cross the street that had only one side? Now we're setting somewhere. Now things are really hotting up. You give up? Do you, do you give up?)

COMPLAINT

Ten floors up, and the elevator doesn't work. When I call down to the elevator girl I get a saucy answer: "Why don't you walk down?"

Simple. I'm afraid of heights. "Too many cases," I reply, but she has already hung up.

So I walk down, under four steel lockers. At the foyer I collect my mail. It consists solely of an insulting letter from a woman. At least, I assumed the letter was insulting because the envelope was covered with titles for me, such as Mr. Horseshit Bleedabout, and The Honorable Makeshit-Turdition-Weep.

I go to telephone. But to whom? The dial is all knobs and bumps, and my dialling finger keeps slipping off. When I want 0900 I can only manage 0000.